

As You Walk On By by everybreatheverymove

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Summary:

In which the Party get stuck in Saturday detention for various shenanigans, everything soon turns to shit, and it's The Breakfast Club 2.0.

"No, no, no. If he gets up, then we all get up. And if we all get up, then we'll all try to leave." Dustin argues, hands throwing up to mark his point, "It'll be total anarchy."

"Yeah, because *that* would be the worst thing we ever have to experience."

As You Walk On By

Author's Note:

It's not a full-on Breakfast Club AU, but I wrote a small sample of this for a tumblr gifset and the opportunity to continue writing more, and writing banter, for these kids was too good to pass up. Some of you said you wanted to see me write more ST fic and, so, without further ado... Enjoy, and please let me know what you think. - Jo.

Eight o'clock is way too early for detention.

"Can you believe this shit?" Dustin groans with a shake of his head, holding his hat in place, "It's such bullshit."

"We ended up here for a reason, dumbass." Max reasons, watching as Lucas and Will walk through the school's main entrance, deep in conversation. "Looks like there's more of us."

He whips around to spot his friends then, frown turning to a smug grin, "Suckers!" He cackles, "Guess I'm not the only criminal."

Lucas stops in front of the pair with confusion clear on his face, and his hands open wide, "Did we all end up here?"

"Yep." Dustin beams, and he pulls on the straps of his backpack. "Mike's just grabbing his shit."

"Shit, Mike's here, too?" The other boy stifles a laugh, nodding his head, "Do you think?"

Will breathes out, slight amusement to his tone, "Probably. They're like a two-for-one deal."

"Who's a two-for-one?" Mike pipes up as he joins the group, readjusting the sleeves of his sweater. His hood is crooked, all bungled up by his neck, but nobody says anything.

The redheaded girl smirks, "No one." She opens up her locker just

then, pulling out a pencil case and white binder. The sound of squeaking down the hall catches her attention though, and she cranes her neck to see a distant Eleven approaching.

“Hey, Mike?” Max starts, whipping her head around to face the boy, “Your little weirdo friend’s here, too.” She slams her locker shut, nudging Lucas beside her.

The taller boy stops in his tracks, having already started heading for the library, spine of his binder held in the crook of his arm, “I know.” He says, blinking as he spots the brunette walking around the corner.

He smiles when he sees her, with her dark skirt and different socks, one pulled up slightly higher than the other. (She took fashion tips from Nancy, but she’s not one for dressing up on the weekend.)

Endeared, he leans one shoulder against the row of lockers behind him, waiting until she catches up with the group.

“Hey.” El greets them, backpack dangling from her fingertips. She shifts from one foot to the other, scanning the hallway. “Did everyone get in trouble this time?”

“Looks like it.” Will confirms, “I don’t know how.”

“Does it matter?” Max grumbles, and she grabs Lucas’ hand to pull him along behind her. “Let’s just go. The sooner Vernon takes presence, the sooner he can pass out in his office.”

“And you’re sure he’s gonna go for a nap?”

“He just got divorced and he’s got three kids to look after. You work it out.” Lucas informs them, trailing after his girlfriend.

Mike rolls his eyes, leaning up, “That doesn’t mean he’s gonna bail on detention.”

“He will.” El cuts in, stepping in front of Mike. She smiles, leans up to kiss his cheek when he doesn’t kiss her forehead quick enough, “He always says he’s gonna grade papers but really he’s napping in the nurse’s office.”

“How do you know that?” He grabs the backpack from her hands, tossing it over his free shoulder. He reaches down for her hand then, “Did you follow him?”

“No,” she shakes her head, “I heard Troy last week. He said Vernon does it all the time.”

Mike doesn’t want to think about whatever else she could have overheard Troy say, so instead he just nods and starts heading for the library, keeping her by his side.

Dustin is already sat at his usual desk by the time they arrive, and El quickly hops into the seat at the end of his row. She likes sitting up front (even though, as the other girl once pointed out, it’s detention and there’s nothing to pay attention to.)

Mike sits behind the boy, and Lucas takes a spot beside him. Max and Will up front, to everyone’s right.

Backpacks barely thrown over the back of their chairs, there’s a loud mumbling coming from the down the hallway, and Dustin chuckles into his book as their monitor for the day walks into the room.

Vernon holds a coffee mug, quite clearly empty, in one hand, and he has a stack of papers in the other.

“Children.”

He’s not an ass, he’s just... a little... unethical.

“Nice to see some familiar faces.” He looks over at Dustin and El’s desk, shooting them both a thumbs up. “Never a disappointment.”

“Nice to see you again, sir.” The boy sends off a toothy grin, all proud and confident, “We wouldn’t want to miss seeing you on this fine Saturday morning.”

“Right.” The man nods, but he pulls a face, “No need to kiss ass, Henderson. In case you couldn’t tell, you’re *already* in the crapper.”

Max snorts back a laugh, and she leans back in her seat, fingers tapping her desk when the teacher glares in her direction. She gulps a

breath, dares a look over at Will.

"Listen up, you little pests," he starts, earning a deep scowl from Mike.

He takes a moment before continuing though, writing (what they only assume is) their names down on a fresh sheet of paper, "I know you're all friendly, and I know you have that project to finish, so I'm gonna let you finish that."

Lucas raises his hand, "So we're free to talk?"

Vernon points a stern finger at him, "With your project partner."

"Right."

"You can talk." He repeats, nodding his head, "but no messing around. And definitely no fooling around." Her eyes the tall boy in the back, watching as he shares a look with the girl before him.

"We're *fourteen*." Mike reminds him with a disbelieving snarl.

"You think that ever stopped anybody?" He tries, raising one brow to test him, "If I catch any of you in a cupboard, you're gonna be in detention until you're thirty five years old. You got that, punk?"

"Sure."

"Yes." El voices, and Mike kind of wishes she hadn't.

The teacher only mutters something, grabbing his mug from off of the table at the front of the room. He taps his hand against the sheet of paper, checks it over.

"Now, work on your... thing." He eyes them carefully, stopping on Will. Targeting the smallest of the teens, he squints, "I'll be in my office, working." Vernon says, and nobody buys it for one second because he doesn't even *sound* remotely convincing. "Do not disturb me. I'll be back for lunch."

"So... in four hours?"

“Yeah, you got a problem with that?” He’s halfway out the door already, but he spins back around on his heel to face Dustin, “Huh?”

“Nope.” The boy shakes his head with an innocent smile, holds up both hands defensively, “Just checking.”

With a roll of his eyes, the man stalks back out of the room, kicking the doorstep into place so the door stays open. “Leave this open.” It shifts into place after a few nudges, and he heads down the hallway mumbling some kind of profanity to himself.

“Well,” Max starts, and she slides her folded arms over the desk, resting her head down, “wake me up when it’s time for food.”

“Isn’t he supposed to watch us though?” Will asks, and Max just shrugs beside him, offers a simple “Who cares?” before she goes back to resting.

Lucas copies, and Mike does, too. Will starts sketching, but eventually he gives up and just doodles instead. Dustin busies himself with an encyclopedia he picked up that morning, explaining stuff to El when she has questions.

And everything runs smoothly for the next three hours.

It’s eleven o’clock, and Dustin wakes everyone up when he starts rummaging through his backpack for something to eat.

“Son of a bitch!”

“What?” Lucas lifts his head, eyes still closed. “What now?”

“I forgot my sandwiches.”

“What a shame.” Mike mumbles, voice muffled by his sweater-clad arm, face pushed into the material, “Just use the vending machine.”

“The vending machine is in the cafeteria, Michael.” Dustin points out, “We can’t go until Vernon comes back and lets us use the restroom.” He complains, slamming his hands down on his book.

A table over, Max’s stomach grumbles, and she clutches at her belly when Will shoots her an amused look. “My mom packed me tuna pasta but it’s...” she shudders, “I’m protesting.”

The youngest boy digs through his bag then, pulling out a brown bag with... tuna sandwiches... and an apple.

“Here.” He grabs the piece of fruit, sliding the apple across the desk, waiting for Max to grab it before turning back around.

“Thanks, Byers.”

“It’s not even twelve o’clock yet.” El says, breaking the odd silence of the room, as though eating lunch before noon is a crime.

Max nods, “True.” She peels the sticker off of the apple, sticks it to the bottom of her wooden desk, “But it’s not like there’s much else to do.”

(Their projects are already finished, waiting in basements and closets to be brought into school.)

Dustin dances in his seat next to the brunette, shoulders wiggling, “So, what did you guys actually do?” He asks, curiosity clear in his voice.

It’s surprising, confusing really, that they mostly all ended up in detention for things that weren’t related. Usually, it’d be two of them who got caught swearing, mid-debate in class (Max and Dustin, most often), or it’d be the other two who were being ‘inappropriate’ on school property (Mike and El, obviously).

(Mike would always argue there was nothing wrong with kissing your girlfriend in the morning to greet her, but she’d be stroking his arm and messing with his hair whenever he pled their case and it just kind of made things worse.)

But the constant rhythmic thumping of hands on the glossy front of

Dustin's book seems to annoy just about every teen in the room, and they all turn to him in annoyance rather than to answer his question.

"Jesus, would you stop already?" Lucas throws a piece of cracker in his direction, but the curly-haired boy expertly dodges it as though he's done it a thousand times before. (He probably has.)

Dustin grins, holding his hands up in the air again, "Eat my *shorts*, Sinclair." He starts drumming his palms on his book, glancing over at El beside him, "What did you do this time?"

It's not that she's been in trouble a lot since starting school, but it's also not like she's the most well-behaved student they've ever had.

(It's not the use of her powers that cause trouble though. It's her accidental foul mouth and tendency to over-demonstrate affection.)

The girl ponders her reply for a moment, before she glances back at Mike, sat directly behind Dustin, with a soft smile, "Ask him."

"Huh?" Mike perks up, half-dazed, elbows slipping from the chipped desk's edge as he sits up in his seat, "What?" His brows knit as he looks back and forth between the two, and he brushes thick fringe out of his eyes.

"Clearly they got caught again." Max interjects before the boy can even form a reply. Will grins beside her, and the two share a knowing look as she chews on her already half-eaten apple.

She bites into it again just as Mike frowns, waving a hand back and forth at her remark, "Like you and Lucas are any better." He whines, "Besides, we were just *talking*... close." He swallows, "It's not my fault Vernon's a-

"A total babe-magnet." El interrupts, quoting something Dustin had said a day earlier with a giggle, "He's so dreamy."

"Is she *serious*?" Lucas asks, swiveling around in his seat to face the group. He rests both arms on the desktop, wagging a finger over at the brown-haired girl, "She can't be serious."

Will shrugs, "Well, I mean, she finds Mike attractive, so... maybe," he

holds back a snort, sheepish smile on his face as he watches his friend pull a face, “sorry.”

The redhead rolls her eyes, leaning back in her chair and kicking her feet up on the desk. The rubber soles of her sneakers squeak and she grimaces, “If I were you, I’d start running now.” Max says, “You don’t want Wheeler and his spindly legs chasing after you.”

Dustin shakes his head, “No, no, *no*. If he gets up, then we all get up. And if we all get up, then we’ll all try to leave.” He argues, hands throwing up to mark his point, “It’ll be total anarchy.”

“Yeah, because *that* would be the worst thing we ever have to experience.” Lucas snickers, turning back around to look at his girlfriend. “You’d think he was the one held captive for twelve years.”

“Hey!” Mike scolds, and he’s suddenly reaching over the space between the two desks, punching his friend in the arm, “Take it back.”

“She knows I don’t mean it like that.” He offers, shooting El a pleading look, “Right?”

The girl only nods, eyes wide and brows raised, “Right.”

“You don’t have to let him off, you know.” Mike informs her, slouching back when she offers a small smile.

“And you don’t have to defend me.” She replies, unable to help the grin that graces her face when he goes to argue, “You guys can make jokes about it, as long as you let me in on them.” El reasons, nodding her head.

“See, Wheeler? She’s fine.” Max pipes up, pulling the zipper of her hoodie up and down, once and twice again, “Your girlfriend’s more chill than you’ll ever be.”

“Whatever.” He brushes off the comment, standing up from his seat and stretching out his arms behind his head. The back of his hand flies to cover his mouth when a yawn threatens to escape, but it turns into an audible groan when Dustin tosses a used, crumpled-up tissue

at him. "What the hell?"

Dustin smirks, copying his friend and standing up. He bounces on his feet a couple times before sitting back down on his desk, pushing his encyclopedia backwards. "Come to think of it," he starts, eyes scanning his friends' faces mischievously. "Maybe anarchy wouldn't be so bad."

"Really?" The youngest of the group asks, clearly unsure, "If he comes back..."

"Hear me out." Dustin says, holding up a hand to stop anyone from talking, "If he comes back, and we're not here, then we'll just--"

"Say we saw someone outside."

"With an axe."

"Yeah, because axe murderers always target schools on a Saturday... in broad daylight." Max quips, following the boys' lead and standing, too. Her hands find her hips, and she shrugs one shoulder, "I say we just go for a little walk."

"As long as we don't leave the premises." Mike adds, "They can't give us crap if we're still on the property. Right?"

"I guess not." Will frowns.

El turns around in her seat then, glancing up at Max. "Where would we go?"

The girls became close friends last summer, much to everyone's contentment. After the whole skateboard incident had been cleared up, Max had made it pretty clear that she did not have a thing for El's boyfriend, and she'd never have a thing to worry about.

(She'd started giving the girl lessons that same day.)

"Just, I don't know, around. It's not like there isn't anything to do here." The other girl suggests, and she eyes the boys' for their approval. "He's gonna be out cold for *a while* anyway."

“He said he was working. How do you know he’s asleep?”

The brunette just confirms this though, nodding her head knowledgeably, “It’s true. Last week, he slept until it was time for us to leave.”

Lucas chuckles, “You’d think they’d put someone responsible in charge.”

“If they did, then we wouldn’t be able to get away with this.” Mike says, and he stuffs his hands in his pockets, jittery. “We should split up.”

“You just want to go play seven minutes in heaven with your girlfriend.” Max accuses, and she walks over to grab El’s hand before anyone can stop her. “Nice try, Wheeler. We stick together.”

“Because six teenagers running around the school isn’t suspicious?”

“It wouldn’t be if you weren’t like seven foot tall!” She accuses, and starts walking off, “Come on, El-een.”

“Wait, wait, wait.” Dustin picks up his book then, shoving it into his backpack on the floor. He zips it up quickly before facing the group again. “What, I don’t wanna lose it. The librarian’s already giving me shit for borrowing another one.”

“How would you lose it?” Lucas asks, voice slightly raised, “It’s not like the janitor’s gonna steal your freaking dinosaur book.”

“He might!”

“Whatever, man. He’s probably getting high in the gym, anyway. I heard he’s a total wastoid.”

“Guys!”

“Do you even have a plan, Maxine?” Dustin snaps, and he adjusts his hat, tucking curls behind his ears, “Or are we supposed to just wander around like bait waiting to get caught?”

“You’re such a baby. And this was *your* plan, by the way. I’m just

putting it into action. So, tell me, instigator, what were *you* thinking of doing?”

“Raiding the cafeteria.” He shrugs, like it was obvious. “She’s hoarding snacks, I know it.”

“Not every lunch lady is a hoarder, you moron.”

Lucas shakes his head, following the two girls as they start to leave the room, arm in arm, El trailing behind the redhead with her free hand reaching for Mike, two steps behind her.

“Uh.” Dustin sighs, and he drags Will from his seat then, catching the clear look of uncertainty on the smaller boy’s face. “If this goes wrong, I didn’t have anything to do with it.”

“*If* it goes wrong?” He mocks with a slight level of unease, “Can you see it going *right*?”